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THE NUN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY M. A. NAVAL.

An old, gray church with faded front,
Far down the quiet street it stands,
With foot-worn steps and massive doors,
And quaint old clock, whose rusted hands,
Once gilt, but tarnished now by time,
Yet move to mark the moments fly—
A relic of the past, alone!
Unheeded by the passers-by.

I go there oft as night draws on,
And the weary toil of day is done;
But not so much to pray, I fear,
As note the form and face of one
Who in a darkened corner kneels
(Where rarely ever shines the sun),
With bended head and down-cast eyes—
A gentle, modest, holy nun.

The first sunbeam of early morn
Comes flitting in with gentle might
Through richly-colored panes, and casts
Around her head a crown of light—
A halo bright by nature thrown,
Such as the limners loved to paint—
A wreath of glory, sweetly pure—
Around the head of pictured saint.

And then I often see her pass,
While standing at my work-shop door;
Her gentle face and soul-lit eyes
That carry comfort to sick and poor.
Those soothing hands just raised in pray'r
Are wont to close the sinner's eyes,
Who serves his God the eleventh hour,
And trusting, hoping, prays and dies.

O God! that we had faith like hers!
Then peace and joy would dwell on earth;
That great transit from earth to heav'n
Would seem a step—from fire to hearth.
Had we the peace that marks her face,
Her vigils, toil and pain unheeding,
The charity that marks her works,
I'd not regret the sin in Eden.

Cincinnati, Nov. 15.

MURIEL; OR, A DOUBLE VOW.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
Author of "Fair as a Star," "A Wife's Revenge," etc.

CHAPTER XLII.—ALL A MISTAKE.

Whatever skeptic could inquire for;
For every why he had a wherefor.—BUTLER.

Adrienne looked so pale when Mrs. Chubb had gone that her friend vainly attempted some consolation.

"It's all a blunder, somehow, depend on it," she said. "That good woman has got things mixed up in her head."

"Of course she has," was Mrs. Lutterell's reply. "There is nothing that need trouble me in what she said. I know that very well; and even if there were, Harry would explain all when he comes back. It is a kind of thing that gives one a shivery sort of feeling to hear—that is all."

"She will not make you doubt your husband. I can see that. If that was her motive, she will signally fail."

"It would take more than she or anyone else can do to do that," Adrienne said quietly. "I should be like Othello. With me, 'once to doubt were once to be resolved.' Are not those his words?"

"Oh, I don't know Shakespeare like you do," laughed Mrs. Davis. "It is almost a sealed book to me, but I do think I remember some such speech. I can't imagine your doubting your husband. I do believe you are just as much in love with him as you were on your wedding-day."

"How do you know?"

"I don't know. I only believe. Ah, what a romance yours was! Now, Herbert and I are the most matter-of-fact folks. We wooed and married in the most ordinary way. You can imagine there was none of the three-volume-novel element in it at all!"

"I don't know that there was in ours, either," Adrienne said, with a smile and a sigh. "I was too old for romance by that time. I am not sure that it was wise."

She spoke as if half to herself, and Mrs. Davis looked at her in surprise.

"Not wise, dear?" she said. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," Adrienne replied. "It has been a happy union for me. My life was very lonely till we came together, and I had loved him for a long time. But I am so much his elder. You know that I am an old woman by the side of him."

"That you are not," was the warm reply. "Age does not go by years. A woman is only as old as she looks, you know, and no one to see you would think you a day Mr. Lutterell's senior. I was quite surprised when Herbert introduced me, because he had told me all about it before, and I knew."

"Mr. Davis flatters me. But he was my husband's confidant in all those days when he fancied himself in love with me first."

"Fancied?"

"Well, that is not a fair word to use. He did love me, I am sure of that."

"That he did. Herbert has told me. He was like a madman when his father came between you."

"He never speaks of that time to me now. Perhaps he thinks there is something to be ashamed of in it. He did quite right. What was I, an unknown actress, that I should step between him and the father who was all in all to him? He was mistaken in one thing. I was not bought off, as he thought, at the time."

"I don't think he ever gave a thought to how it had been done. You know how he must have felt it when he would not marry till you came back to him."

"It was all atoned for then," said Adrienne under her breath, and as if her very heart was in her words—"all. They both understood me better—father and son."

"They ought to have, if they did not," muttered Mrs. Davis to herself, "for it was your money that saved them both from ruin. I do believe you are head-over-ears in love with him still," she added aloud.

"I confess it," Mrs. Lutterell said. "I do love my husband. It is dreadfully unfashionable, but it is true. Ah, Harry, is that you?"

She started up, with a loud cry, to welcome her husband, who had entered the room unperceived, and was standing by her as she spoke the last words.

"Yes, dear," he replied. "Here I am, and glad to find you in such pleasant company. Pray don't go, Mrs. Davis. It is early yet, and I suppose your lord and master is going to call for you."

She admitted that he was, and they made her sit down again.

It seemed to her as if Henry Lutterell did not want to be alone with his wife. It might be fancy, but it appeared to her as if he were glad of her presence.

"You are a day before I expected you," Adrienne said. "How good of you to hurry back."

"Yes; I wanted to get back home for several reasons," he answered, without looking at either of the ladies, "one being rather a spiteful one."

"May we know it?" asked his wife. "I can't imagine you in a spiteful mood, Harry. It is not like you at all."

"It was on me when I came back," he said. "I wanted to upset the calculations of someone who was depending on my being away a certain time—that is all. It is useful in business to do such things sometimes."

"Always business, Harry. I believe you think of nothing else. You are letting business wear you to death."

"Not quite, dear. There's a good deal of life in me yet. Give me some tea, my dear, and don't be fanciful about me."

He had dined, he told them, en route, and cared for nothing more than a cup of tea, and over it Adrienne told him what she had heard from Mrs. Chubb.

It seemed to annoy him a little, but only that such gossip should be brought to his wife. He declared that she must have picked up the handkerchief somewhere else, and imagined the rest.

"Put them out of your head altogether, my dear," he said. "She's a stupid, ignorant woman, and if it was not that Chubb was a good servant, and I owe Sally a debt of gratitude for almost saving my life by her care when I was a fractious, ailing child, I would send the pair of them about their business. I shall give him a hint to curb his wife's tongue for the future."

"Don't quarrel with them about it," Mrs. Lutterell said. "I am sure she was sincere. If she made a mistake, she really believed she was speaking the truth."

"And you believed her?"

"No, not for a moment; but her story was such a strange one."

"Let me see. She said she saw me at Harwich. Was that it?"

"Yes."

"And that someone was following and watching me?"

"Yes, she was sure of that. It was that that made her come to me. She thought I ought to know."

"I am very much obliged to her, but she must have dreamed the whole thing. I have just come from Scotland."

"And so I told her. She said all this happened on the very day when I knew you were traveling to Aberdeen."

"It is hardly necessary to say anything about it," Henry Lutterell said in a graver tone than he had spoken in as yet, "or I could bring you plenty of witnesses to prove that I have just come from the north. I traveled with at least half a dozen whom I knew. Mrs. Chubb is a mischievous woman, and deserves to be punished."

"She did not mean mischief, I am sure. She was sincere, if she was mistaken. Don't you think so, dear?"

Mrs. Davis, thus appealed to, answered in the affirmative. She did not want to be drawn into any discussion, and she fancied Lutterell avoided her eye as much as he could. It was a relief to her when her husband came to fetch her, and the conversation turned on other topics.

Mr. Lutterell was in a rather moody humor after his friend had left. He was annoyed by what had passed, and told Adrienne so.

"I don't know why I should let a thing like that fret me," he said—"I suppose I am tired—but it does. It is all a blunder from beginning to end. I should not like to think Sally capable of inventing it, but it is a nuisance to have one's name used like that behind one's back. I shall give Chubb such a talking to as he won't forget in a hurry."

"'The tongue is a little member, and worketh much evil,'" quoted Adrienne, with a smile. "Harry, you are not deceiving me, are you? There is no truth in this strange story?"

"My dear Adrienne, what has got into your head?"

"I don't know; but you have no secrets from me, have you, except those odious business ones that you won't tell me?"

"Not one, except those we have already discussed, and they are, as I told you, business ones, and wholly uninteresting to a lady. What makes you ask such questions?"

"I don't know. Mrs. Chubb, I think. Her coming has stirred up all sorts of unpleasant fancies."

"Put them out of your head, my dear. They are fancies, I assure you. Why, if I had wanted to go to Harwich or anywhere else, I should go and tell you I was going."

"But the handkerchief, Harry, and the ring?"

Mr. Lutterell started up with an angrier exclamation than she had heard him use for a long time, and paced the room impatiently for a moment before he answered her.

"You will make me really angry if you go on like this," he said. "The woman saw the flash of a ring on the man's hand, and, because she had got me in her addle head, she immediately assumes it as mine. As for the handkerchief, how can I tell where she got it from? I expect her husband picked it up in the office. Do drop the subject. I am sick of it."

"Don't be angry with me, Harry. I will never speak of it again."

"I hope not. I don't want you to lose your faith in me, or we shall never be at peace again."

"I shan't do that, unless ——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you take to keeping things from me."

"And what should you do if I did?"

"Be very unhappy, and fret after the manner of my sex, I suppose, unless they concerned a woman!"

"And what then?" asked her husband, suddenly stooping for something from the floor. "I thought I saw one of your rings there," he added, as he rose. "What if I had a secret of the sort you name? What would you do?"

"Find it out first, and then ——"

"And then what?"

"Kill her or myself."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Henry Lutterell, starting up, "what a domestic thunderstorm you would be if you were put out! I had no idea what a firebrand I had married. Make your mind easy, my dear. I won't give you any cause for murder. Pray don't entertain such bloodthirsty notions."

"I can't help it," Adrienne said, with the tears standing in her eyes. "I don't think you quite know your wife even now, Harry. You fancy me content to stay at home, and not go out with you, lest people should laugh at you for marrying an old woman like me. So I am—more than content if I have your love. My lost youth is nothing to me so you will care for me. If I lost your affection I should lose my life with it, I think."

"Do you really care so much for me, Adrienne?" he asked.

"You know I do."

"Then put such fancies out of your head; and as for your lost youth, as you call it, look here, Mrs. Lutterell."

He drew her to the looking-glass over the mantel-piece, and made her look at the reflection of both their faces as they stood together.

"People would say I was the older of the two," he said; and, indeed, there were lines of care on his face, while his wife looked more than usually blooming.

"Don't talk any more about bygone beauty," he said. "You are as lovely as ever, wife, and you will never change to me."

His voice was as kind as ever, and his manner as loving, but somehow it found no echo in Adrienne's heart.

Something had come between them, and she could not even guess what it was.

CHAPTER XLIII.—A WOMAN'S FACE.

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.
—SHAKESPEARE.

Adrienne tried to reason with herself with all her might, and thoroughly believe what her husband told her, and she came at last to think that Mrs. Chubb had been mistaken, and that the story she had heard was either invention or fancy.

She did not know that Mr. Lutterell had been to the good woman himself, and tried with all his might to make her come to his wife and admit that she made a mistake. She was proof against all his argument.

"It's no use, sir," she said, when, seated in her tidy little parlor, he was using all his arguments to prove that she was wrong. "If you talk from now till doomsday it will be just the same, and you know it. You were to Harwich that day, and you went to the Ostend boat."

"My dear soul, you have my wife's testimony that she herself saw me start for Scotland. I had no business in Harwich, and know no one there."

"You knew me when you saw me, Mr. Lutterell. If you don't want it talked about I'll hold my tongue; but that does not alter the truth—you were there, and someone else was watching you. If it had not been for that I should have thought no more about it. It was no business of mine."

"That it certainly was not."

"And I am very sorry if I hurt Mrs. Lutterell in any way. I had no idea that she did not know that you were there. I wanted to warn you about the man I saw. He means you mischief, if ever one man meant it to another."

"I should like to know what he was like. If we can find him it may throw some light on the mystery of my double, for it was not me you saw."

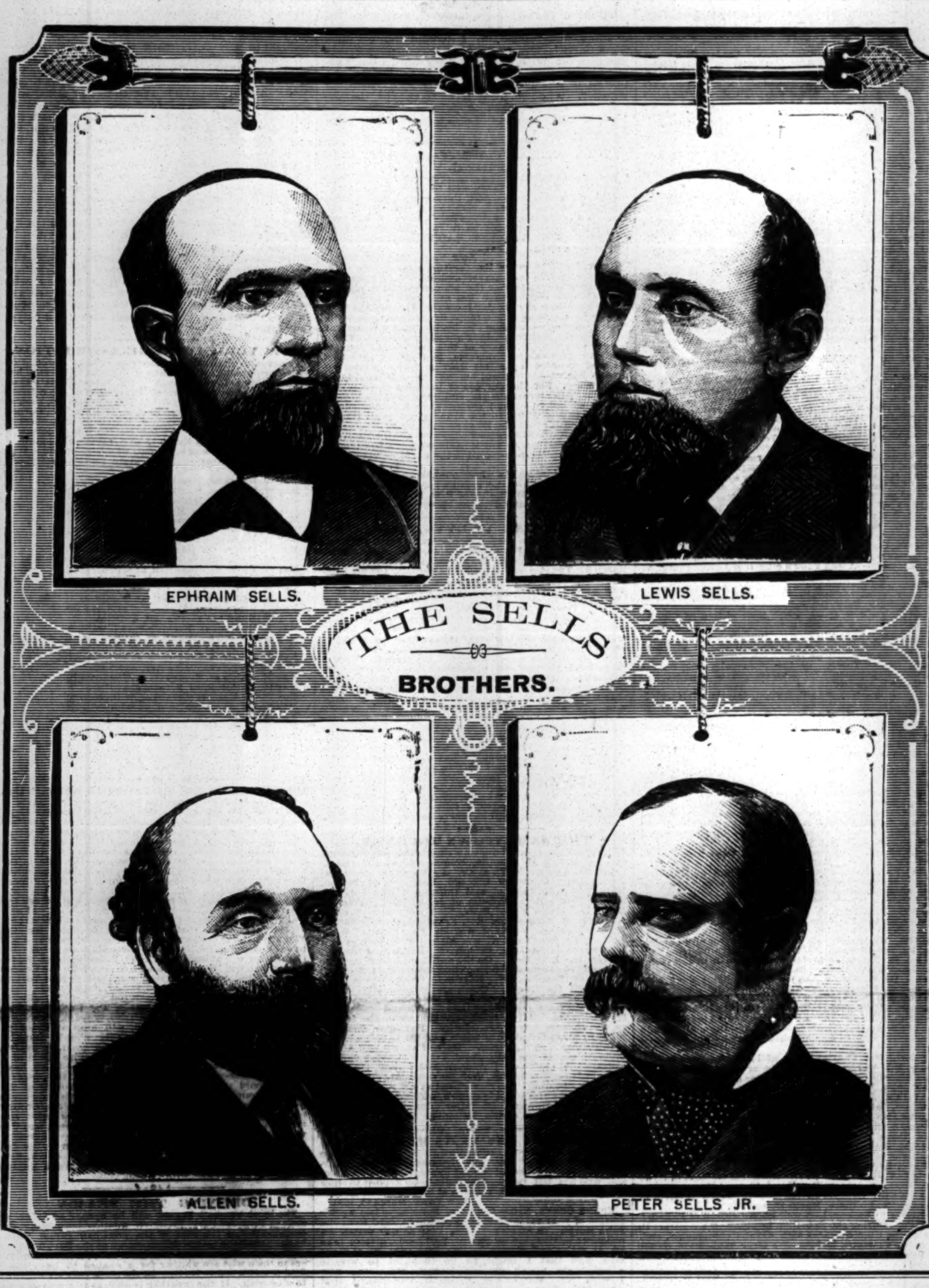
"I think he was young, sir," said Mrs. Chubb, ignoring the latter part of the speech, putting it aside, as it were, as done with, "and tall, and had fair hair. I just caught one glinpse of it when he ran after you."

"After my likeness."

"After the man I saw," returned Mrs. Chubb. "Yourself, Mr. Lutterell, contradict me as you will."

"Young and tall and fair, and following someone so like me as to be taken for me. I must find out all about this. I think I shall put them to work at Scotland-yard. It is inconvenient to have a double in the world. It makes things awkward."

"He won't do that," was Mrs. Chubb's remark to her husband, when he came home to his dinner, and she had told him her story. "He knows as well as I do that it won't do to have Scotland-yard prying about in his concerns, when they are so secret that his wife mustn't know them."



"It's a queer business," her husband remarked. "I thought you had blundered, old woman, at first. I don't think so now."

"What has made you alter your opinion?"

"The way Mr. Lutterell came to me about it. If it had been a mistake, and you had made mischief, as you might have done, without anything but fancy to go upon, he would not have put up with it so quietly."

"What did he say to you?"

"Not much. He wanted to know really what it was about, he said. It was a laughable mistake, of course, and of no consequence, as it happened; but if Mrs. Lutterell had not known where he was, things might have been unpleasant."

"They'll be unpleasant yet, I'm thinking."

"I shouldn't wonder. His manner made me feel that you were right. If he had not had something to conceal, we should have been sent to the right-about for a pair of tattlers who could not mind their own business. I know him well enough to be sure of that. He's afraid of us, and we are to be conciliated."

"I'm sorry for him if he's getting into any scrape," Mrs. Chubb remarked.

"I'm sorry for *her*," was the reply of her liege lord. "We must keep our eyes open, Sally. We shall hear more of it yet, I'm thinking."

They did hear more of it, but it was a long time first, and in the meantime much was to happen to Adrienne Lutterell, to put Mrs. Chubb and her story out of her head. Not many days after the visit of the good woman to her house, she met with an adventure.

She had been out with Mrs. Davis, with whom she had grown to be very intimate, and had come home tired, but pleased at having enjoyed herself very much. She liked the pleasant, unaffected wife of her husband's friend extremely. It seemed to her as if their advent had made things much more agreeable.

Doubtless the waking up of the old associations and the meeting again with the friend of his youthful days had done much to wean Henry Lutterell from the heavy business cares which he allowed to engross him so thoroughly of late. He had been more at home, and less immersed in his speculations, and his wife was unfeignedly thankful for it.

She told the Davises that she had wellnigh lost her husband before they came, and that they had restored him to her by their timely arrival. It may be that she brooded over his frequent absences only through being too much alone, for she was not one to seek society, and magnified them until they seemed like desertion—anyhow, she looked upon them with a different eye since the arrival of his friend and his young wife.

"It is odd that I should have taken such a fancy to that young creature," she said to herself, while she was taking off her bonnet. "I don't care for simpering young wives in a general way. I suppose she is better than the generality, or I am getting into my dotage and am pleased with a little."

She laughed as she spoke, and caught sight of her own beauty in the glass. Her husband had been right when he said she had not lost it yet; to-day it was as brilliant as ever in its own queenly fashion. Her eyes were bright, and the contour of her face perfect, and she turned away with a pleased smile.

"I do believe Harry was right," she said. "He looks as old as I do. My gray hairs don't show as they did, somehow. I wonder if they come and go. I have heard some people say so. What a ridiculous old woman I am, to be sure! As if anything could alter the fact that I am—ah! how many years—older than he is, and that wrinkles and old age *must* come to me first. My darling, my darling, I hope Heaven will be merciful and take me before then. When I am no use in the world, I hope I shall die."

She went from her dressing-room into her husband's, and began to arrange it, as she often did, making him declare that he had a fresh room every other day.

It was a whim of hers to arrange and move all movable things, and to deck any place she was fond of with flowers and pretty fancies of all sorts. Her own dressing-room was in its way a perfect little gem of taste and brightness, but she used to mourn over his as a place that would not be brightened.

It was the ugliest room in the house, she declared. Men's belongings are so horribly matter-of-fact; they could not be made picturesque.

She did her best with flowers and pictures. It was well for her that Mr. Lutterell's taste was like her own in the way of wall-decoration. A husband who would have preferred sporting plates and portraits of pet dogs and horses would have wellnigh broken her heart.

A little shifting and arranging brought the room to Adrienne's notion of what her fancy for that particular day appeared to be, and she surveyed her work with satisfaction, and then came back to give a final push to the pretty davenport she had insisted on his having instead of the somewhat ugly escritoire that had stood there for many years.

It was too heavy, she pleaded, when he would have remonstrated against its removal, and was not the thing for a dressing-room at all. And he let her do as she liked and order a davenport, which he was feign to admit was much more convenient, and gave him a great deal more room.

She thought it would be better in another corner, and she pushed it lightly across the room, singing softly to herself as she did so, wondering what Harry would say when he came home. He was going to stay late at the office that day. He had told her so. She would have to dine by herself; so she would not hear anything about it till the next morning, very likely. He would say the room looked much better, but he would quietly push his desk back into its place if he did not like it, and all her arrangements would go for nothing.

Better she had not touched it; better she had left the little thing alone, and, indeed, everything in the room; better it had gone ugly, untidy, dirty, anything forever, than she should have stumbled on what she did.

As she pushed it away from its place, a little parcel fell from somewhere about it and lay at her feet. She picked it up and laid it aside while she finished her work. It was a small, flat package, tied up in thin brown paper, and looked like a bundle of letters. There was nothing on the outside to tell what it was, and she naturally thought it was some matter of business that he had left behind him.

"Very likely he will want it," she said to herself. "I wonder if I had better go after him with it. A very small parcel will hold very important papers. He may think he has lost it, and be in a terrible way about it."

She hesitated a little while before she opened it. What if it contained something relative to the secret business that had taken him away from her so much? She must open it to find out whether to take it to Cannon street or not. If it was anything that Harry did not want her to know, he must forgive her, and she would be as silent as he wished on the subject afterwards.

Thus arguing with herself, she cut the string and opened the paper. There were no letters or papers inside—only a flat case something like a pocketbook. She hardly knew why, but a cold chill seemed to pass over her as she touched it, and she hesitated.

"I feel as if it were poisonous," she said to herself. "Bah! What an imbecile I am!"

She pulled open the case, and the spoiled miniature of a young girl was before her astonished eyes. The glass over it had been broken accidentally, and most of the face was blurred; but enough of it remained to show that the original was surpassingly beautiful. The forehead and eyes were there untouched, and the wavy hair clustering over the temples. It was a face to love, even if she could not see it all—such a face as men have gone mad and died for ever since the world began.

Mrs. Lutterell gazed at it in horror. Her heart seemed to stand still as she looked on the guileless face. It was impossible to fancy anything wrong in such a vision of beauty, and yet how came it there, in her husband's keeping—put away with his most precious things—for she knew intuitively that he never meant her to see it?

CHAPTER XLIV.—A VISIT TO CANNON STREET.

A lady, richly clad as she,
Beautiful exceedingly.—COLERIDGE.

"Is this the secret?" Adrienne muttered to herself as she looked at the fair face, of which enough was left unharmed to show its dazzling beauty. "He says he has no secrets from me but business ones. Is this no secret, I wonder? If it is not, why do I find it here amongst his most cherished things? It was not meant for my eyes to see. It was hidden. It came on the floor by accident."

She clutched it in her fingers as if she would crush the senseless thing to atoms and destroy it, as, indeed, she felt inclined to do in the first heat of her anger. After a minute her better nature came to her aid, and she paused.

"Perhaps I wrong him," she thought; "perhaps it is of no consequence at all. How shall I find out? Who can this baby of a girl be that my husband cherishes here as though her picture were some precious thing? I must know. Ah, the back is loose! Is there anything behind it, I wonder?"

The portrait lifted easily from the frame, and she pulled it out.

There was no artist's name on the back, nor any mark whatever to show whether it was taken in England or abroad, but there was a tiny packet folded flat behind it. Hardly knowing what she expected to see, Mrs. Lutterell opened it, and a morsel of soft, silky hair fell onto her fingers. It was like the finest floss silk, and had been evidently cut from the head of a very young infant.

On the paper that held it were scrawled a few words without any signature:

"Our baby's hair, my darling. A gift for papa."

That was all. No name. Nothing to tell whose baby it might be, and all Adrienne's anger and jealous fear came back at the sight of it.

She picked up the tiny tress of hair, feeling as if she would have liked to throw it to the winds, and tear portrait, case, and all into a thousand pieces.

It was well there was no one to see her then. All the passion of her passionate nature was roused, and she was almost beside herself. She folded it all up again, and laid it aside.

"What shall I do?" she moaned. "Where shall I turn for help? I am powerless, helpless! I can do nothing!"

She walked to and fro in the pretty room like some caged animal, clasping her head with her hands till the glittering rings on her fingers flashed in the sunlight like living fire.

She looked supremely beautiful in her bitter anger, just as she had often looked in her actress-days when her loveliness had turned the head of Henry Lutterell, and made him ready to lay down fortune and honor, all that a man holds so dear, so that he might win her beauty for his own.

She thought of that time now with passionate gasps of sorrow.

"What have I ever done to him?" she said wildly. "How have I ever wronged him that he should repay me like this? What have I done? Need I ask?" she repeated, with a bitter laugh. "Need any woman of my years ask what she has done to make her husband tire of her? I have grown old, old, and gray hairs and waning attractions are not the bonds to hold a husband by!"

Again she laughed, with a hideous, mocking sound not good to hear, and Henry Lutterell, could he have come in just then, would scarcely have known his beautiful, tranquil wife in the passionate woman, with the flushed cheeks and glittering eyes, who was sweeping backwards across the room in a tempest of rage and grief.

A knock at the door roused her to some sense of the proprieties, and she hastily put the packet into her pocket, and calmed her features a little before she bade the intruder come in.

It was only her maid, who had been looking for her in her own room, and came to dress her for dinner.

"Well," she said, as the girl stopped suddenly and looked at her, startled beyond measure at her strange appearance, "what's the matter?"

"You look so ill, ma'am."

"I am not ill. I was not aware I looked so."

"Indeed you do, ma'am."

"I have been a little startled—that is all. I have had some unpleasant news."

"Indeed, ma'am?"

The girl looked puzzled, as well she might, for she wondered how the news, whatever it was, had been conveyed to her mistress. She had seen her not an hour ago, and she was quite well and cheerful then, and she was sure neither letter nor message had come in from the outer world since then.

She was in a position to speak on the subject, for she had spent nearly the whole of her time in a flirtation in the garden, from which she could see the house, and hear for herself if her mistress' bell should chance to ring.

How could the bad news—and that it was very bad she could see by the look on Adrienne's face—have come? Surely the birds of the air must have brought it, she thought; but she ventured no remark.

"I shall be obliged to go to Mr. Lutterell's, in the city. Tell cook I am very sorry, but I cannot help it. I will have something when I come back. I shall want the carriage round in half an hour. Order it before you dress me."

"Yes, ma'am."

The girl went away, and her mistress turned to the glass and looked at her own haggard face.

"Fool that I am," she muttered, "that I cannot keep myself better under control than this. Must I let everyone see what is troubling me? I will not think of it. I will put it away from me till I see my husband face to face, and ask him to tell me all. He will—I know he will, and forgive me, too, for ever doubting him for a moment."

She was a very woman, as variable in her moods as the shadows of an aspen leaf; but she had controlled herself before the maid returned.

"What will you please to wear, ma'am?" the girl asked, and was surprised at the richness of the toilet chosen for this city expedition.

"Surely the mistress must be going to see someone besides the master," she said to herself, as she went about her business, and fetched the dainty dress and its belongings from their several receptacles. "She's going to dress like a duchess for it, anyway. It's almost a pity for a dingy place like the city."

Prouder than any duchess in the land Adrienne looked as she swept downstairs to the carriage which was awaiting her.

She hardly knew how she felt, or what she was going to say or do. One thing she had determined on: to take the picture to the office, and ask her husband, without any preparation on his part, what it meant.

The girl looked after her as she drove away with a puzzled face. Something had gone wrong, she felt, though she tried in vain to guess what it could be. It would come out when the mistress came back, she told herself; but she was very much mistaken. There was nothing to be gathered from Adrienne's demeanor when next she was seen by her servants.

The arrival of the carriage in Cannon street caused no little commotion. The handsome equipage, with its prancing horses, was so seldom seen in the city that it was quite an event for the clerks and messengers to be able to say that they had seen their chief's wife.

She had been there before, of course. The wives of city men do show themselves at their husband's places of business sometimes. But she had generally gone in a much less ostentatious fashion, and in more sober apparel.

For some reason or other, she seemed this time to have made up her mind to dazzle them all, and she succeeded.

The clerks looked out of the windows, and whispered comments to one another on her beauty and her splendor, and Mr. Judson rushed out to assist her from the carriage.

"Mr. Lutterell is here?" she asked in a tone that made him think that something was wrong.

It was so different from her usual affable manner. Had anything come out about the trip to France? he wondered. Could she have been told of that little escapade?

"Yes, madam, he is here," he replied. "Shall I tell him?"

"No, thank you. I can announce myself. I know the way."

She passed him and swept in. But the tidings of her arrival had already reached the chief's office. One of the oldest clerks was with him at the time—a man whose hair had grown gray in the service of his father and himself, and who would almost have laid down his life before anything should have gone wrong with the house he had served so long.

His business capacity was not very great, or he would have held the post that Judson filled. He was a very useful servant, but he had no governing powers. Mr. Lutterell respected and trusted him, and would far rather have turned to him in any difficulty than to his unscrupulous manager.

"Who is that, Carter?" he asked, hearing the carriage stop.

"Mrs. Lutterell, sir."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Lutterell, sir. She is getting out."

"Adrienne! What can have happened?" he exclaimed, starting up, just as his wife swept into the room like a queen, with an expression on her face that he could not quite understand.

"My dear Adrienne!" he exclaimed, rising and taking her hand, "what has brought you here? You are the last person I should have expected to see."

"Doubtless!"

Her tone was so dry and sharp that he looked at her in amazement, and then turned to his old clerk.

"Leave us for a moment, Carter," he said quietly. "I see that Mrs. Lutterell has something to say to me."

Carter bowed and retired, wondering what could have changed the handsome lady so much since he had seen her, and wondering what had brought that set, hard look into her pretty face. Mr. Lutterell closed the door after him.

"Now, my dear," he said, returning to his wife's side, "what has brought you here like Solomon in all his glory? You have created quite a sensation out yonder."

Adrienne looked at him a moment, and then laid the miniature on the table before him.

"That brought me here," she said sternly. "Look at it, and explain it if you can."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SELLS BROTHERS.

The annals of the circus business furnish no more remarkable illustration of wonderful growth and rapid success than is found in the brief and brilliant career of this prosperous firm, which consists of four brothers—Ephraim, Allen, Lewis and Peter (Jr.) Sells. Their father, Peter Sells, was born in Ohio in 1809, and their mother near Winchester, Va., in 1813. The brothers were all born in Columbus, O.; Ephraim, Oct. 18, 1834; Allen, Sept. 24, 1836; Lewis, Nov. 12, 1841; and Peter Jr., April 6, 1845. Previous to embarking in the show business, Ephraim was a farmer and extensive gardener, and the other brothers were successful merchants and auctioneers, Peter Jr. having also been connected with *The Cleveland Daily Leader* for seven years. They organized their first menagerie and circus, which consisted of ten cages of animals and a fair company, in Columbus, O., during the Winter of 1871-2, and gave their initial exhibition there April 19, 1872. Their friends, without exception, opposed the venture, and predicted inevitable failure as the result of their inexperience in a business fraught with uncommon hazards. For weeks the elements seemed to combine to accomplish this dismal prophecy; but with indomitable pluck they fought their way from stand to stand through almost interminable mud and continuous rainstorms, until at the critical moment, when they were upon the verge of ruin, the sun, the emblem of their salvation, appeared, and from that very day their every effort has been crowned with success. For several years the Sells Brothers have run two shows, latterly one by rail and the smaller by wagon; but in 1880 both will be transportable by rail. Both have from time to time been greatly increased, and their principal venture, employing their own train of cars, ranks A 1 in the list of American tent-shows.

WHO "OLD NICK" IS.—The word "pamphlet" is derived from the name of a Greek authoress, Pamphylia, who compiled a history of the world into thirty-five little books. "Punch and Judy" is a contraction from Pontius and Judas. It is a relic of an old "miracle play," in which the actors were Pontius Pilot and Judas Iscariot. "Bigot" is from Visigotha, in which the fierce and intolerant Arianism of the Visigoth conqueror of Spain has been handed down to infamy. "Humbug" is from Hamburg; "a piece of Hamburg news" was in Germany a proverbial expression for false political rumors. "Gauze" derives its name from Gaza, where it was first made. "Tabby cat" is all unconscious that her name is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad inhabited by the manufacturers of silken stuffs called *atabi*, or taffety, the wavy markings of the watered silks resembling pussy's coat. "Old Scratch" is the demon Skratti, who still survives in the superstitions of Northern Europe. "Old Nick" is none other than Nikr, the dangerous water-demon of Scandinavian legend. The lemon takes its name from the city of Lima.

THE CHINESE must find it extremely hard to secure wives, for we are told that in China marriage between all persons of the same surname is unlawful, and that "there are only about a hundred different surnames altogether throughout the Empire."

A CRIME!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY "FAX."

A saucy jade with gossamer hair,
Who sang and played an improvised air,
A jaunty maid, a harum-scare
Was Eva,
Who skipped and danced to a well-worn tune,
Who capered and pranced from night till noon,
And whose heart was as fickle as bees in June—
A deceiver.

She laid the snare with a cunning mind
She left no trace of herself behind—
As the body is bent, the pins inclined
To rebound ye!
A gasp! a flush! a cry of pain;
It shivers my timbers to hear the refrain;
"Please, sir, you needn't rise to explain;"
No, confound ye!

Ne'er floundered a victim so woebegone,
Ne'er writhed a mortal so much forlorn,
Ne'er wriggled a pirate so undone
By a deceiver.
Was e'er a joke played so wonderful well?
Was there e'er a victim so easy, pray tell?
Was there e'er a sprite so full of—well,
Hardly E-va.

AN ANCIENT MARINER'S STORY.

THE SHIP THAT CLIMBED A CORAL REEF AT POOLOOMOOLOOMOOREE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Thankee, sir, don't mind if I do, seein' as how I haint flooded my 'tweendecks this blessed day, an' it now gone three bells in the dog-watch. An' I'm a-thinkin' there ought to be some purvission by statootery lor, as they calls it, whereby a poor Jack-ashore, as you sees me, sir, shouldn't have to go from the turn of the glass in the larbo'rd watch nigh onto eighteen hour without a trifle to set his shrouds a-taut and his yards a-tauter. Don't mind ef I do agen, sir; I never likes to refuse a reg'lar quarterdeck gent as you be, not to speak of my own purclivities. An' look-y-here, you lollypop boy, jest you tetch that tap a leetle longer an' gimme my tipple a leetle stronger, for ef there's anythin' I despises it is half-water grog. Here's to ye, sir.

"Ef I hadn't promised to spin you that yarn about the Trusty Polly, an' the cur'us, an' I might say almost unnateral climb she tuk over the coral reef at Pooloomooloomooree, in the South Sea, I don't know as I would ventur' on it, becase it looks too much like haulin' strong on one's own main-sheet to spin a yarn that sort o' chalks one's own mark up A 1. Ef my old mate, Ben Bobstay (as was the French son of an English father, born in Pattygony an' brung up in Chiny, an' followed the sea from the time he was twenty, 'ceptin about ten year when he was chief interpreter to the Emproor of Russhy, an' eight more when he was Grand Eradicator to the Royal Corn-patch of Siam, as he often told us of)—I say ef he was a-spinnin' this yarn, he would put credit where credit is due, that I can't because of my modesty, which does break out in a reg'lar tar, once in a while, wussur nor itch onto an Itallyun. Thankee, sir; here's a go. An' go ahead I will, with my sarvice to you, sir.

"You see, we was a hundr[illegible] an' sixteen days out from Barnegat Light, bein' bound on a whalin' voyage to the Falkland Islands; but through not findin' the islands, nor no whales, nor nothin' but an ice floe, which the old man said was [illegible] long an' a thousand mile thick, or a thousand mile long an' two mile thick, which I can't say I [illegible] exact dimensions, we was put about—headin' westwards by sometimes southerly, an' sometimes northerly, but keepin' in the main easterly. We had been on short rations of half a biskit an' a peep into the bunghole of a pork-barrel a day, bein' allowed two peeps an' a splinter of a stave on Sunday; an' naterally, as you would say, the crew was gettin' oneasy an' askin' among themselves ef the old man hadn't better be pointin' the nose of the Trusty Polly to somewhere where grub was plentier an' pork-barrels not so indigestible like. Ef we'd a-ketched a whale, we'd a-eat him, which it wouldn't have been overprofitable for the ventur', but comfortin' to all hands and the cook, who was gettin' as rusty as the last servin' o' salt-horse through havin' a sinnykoor.

"On the hundred an' seventeenth day by the ship's log the old man, after makin' an observation an' pickin' the Polly on the chart, come on deck 'n says to me:

"'Main Truck'—which were the name I got through bein' so tall—'give her a spoke to port, keep her by-an'-large, an' we'll make the Tooloopooloo group about Thursday; an', if we can't get anythin' else, we'll have a lobscouse of nigger an' coccoanut-duff,' says the old man.

"'Aye, aye, sir,' says I; 'an' ef we don't make the islands a-Thursday by your calkylation, we'll make 'em a-Tuesday by mine,' this bein' on a Sunday.

"'How d'ye log that?' says the skipper.

"'Jest cast yer toplights a-starn, sir,' says I; 'an' ef you don't see four days' runnin' before Tuesday in that bit o' scud loomin' up dead to wind'ard, I'll go for lobscouse, 'stead of the nigger.'

"An there it wor, and here we wor. The old man turned up all hands for to take sail off the Polly, every rag bein' set, an' not a sheet nor halyard bein' started for ninety-four days.

"'Shake 'em loose,' yelled the fust mate, 'lively now, an' let 'em down by the run;' but, though every darned halyard an' sheet was cast off the cleets an' belayin'-pins, not a gaff sagged or a sail wrinkled. You see, through standin' so long, the weather bein' alternate hot an' cold, the tackle got so set in the blocks that all—beg yer pardin, sir—nothin' short of partin' 'em—wouldn't have made 'em let go. Well, sir, afore any turn could be made as to what for to do, along come the biggest kind of a hurrycane, butt-end fust, an' ef every rag hadn't gone clean from the bolt-ropes the Polly would a-turned a summerset or hunted sand in three hundred fathom. All the men could do to keep ourselves aboard was to get a-fast to the riggin' or stanshuns an' stay there, except to keep her head afore the wind, an' wait for what might be next or immediately after.

"Well, sir, all that night an' Monday an' Monday night we took it. The Trusty Polly was tight as a mess-kid an' light as a yard of buntin', drawin' sixteen foot for'ard an' seventeen foot aft; broad a-beam like a Dutch angel, an' sheer enough at the bow to go over a roller without goin' through it. Tuesday mornin' the old man come on deck, an', as it was my trick at the wheel, he says to me:

"'Main Truck, we're in trouble.'

"'More a-comin', says I, for I seed what he were a-drivin' at.

"'Right you are, boyee,' sez the old man, cheerfullike, 'for dead ahead an' ten league off are the reef of Pooloomooloomooree.'

"I lets go the wheel, which I knew I shouldn't orter, but I were all took aback, an' I says to the skipper: 'Davy ——'

"He knew what I meant, an' sed: 'Joneses'—an' then, with a heave of his busum, he took a fresh quid, an' whispered 'locker.'

"That word saved the ship an' crew.

"I'd been on the canawl, chief-engineer, mate an' all hands of a boat, when I was a boy. An' I said to the skipper:

"'I'll do it, blow me tight an' bust my keelson ef I don't.'

"'Do what?' says the skipper.

"'Lock'er!' I shouted, 'lock'er over that reef as slick as a handy-billy.'

"Callin' the other quartermaster aft, I turned the wheel over to him an' went for'ard, the skipper follerin' an' orderin' everybody to do as I said—jest as though I was rear-admiral born an' my flag a-floatin' at the mizzen-peak. Well, sir, I downs the main an' royal yards—forty-two foot long were the one, an' thirty-four foot the other—an', before you could say 'Jack Robinson,' I rigged preventer-stays on 'em, rove standin' and hauled chock-a-block, had 'em over her bows, port an' starboard an' fast to the catheads. Then I passed a stay aft from the middle of each to the stern-davits, an' sent a lashin' across a-tween 'em around the cutwater. I run an extra preventer-stay down each with a fiddle-knot that tightened on an up-strain, but gave loose on a shake when the strain was off, an' I waited for the reef to come.

"You see what my idea was? Well, it worked to a charm! The fust dash the Trusty Polly made at that reef she tripped on the yard-ends, holdin' her keel exactly two foot from the sharp an' cruel ledge. When the next swell came she rose; but a shake on the fiddle-knots let 'em slip up the yards the height of the swell, an' the minnit she dipped they gripped like cholera, an' held her keel exactly twelve foot up. The crew was all a-watchin' an' a-waitin', holdin' onto the jib-stays an' for'ard shrouds: Ben Bobstay an' the fust luff, with axes to cut the lashins' leadin' to the after-davits, stood by, holdin' onto stanshins; the captain, with a knife in his hand, run out of a hawse-hole to cut the seizin' across the bow, was holdin' onto the fluke of the best bower: an' I, a-standin' on the bitts, was holdin' onto my breath, an' follerin' the crest of the next comber that was a-comin'. Ef it fell, we was gone; ef it rose, we was safe!

"Hurrah! It ketched us fair under the starn-counter, gave us a lurch for'ard, an' histed us till I thought the fiddle-knots would slip over the tops of the yards. Jest at the right minnit they stopped an' steddied. I felt the Polly a-settlin' an' yelled: 'Cut away, my hearties!' that you might have heerd it from Makkow to New Bedford. The axes come down; the skipper pulled his flipper inboard, a-drawin' the knife across the lashin'; the yards swum out straight astern, an' the Trusty Polly slid over the reef, with twenty foot of water under her, into the lagoon, which were as calm as a mill-pond. She didn't take hurt nor scratch, exceptin' as that she left her rudder stuck into a crack on the inside edge of the rock, to mark the spot where Main Truck locked her over the blooming reef of Pooloomooloomooree.

"Next time I sees you, sir, I'll spin you a yarn about the times we had at Hakylakyshaky, which are the chief town of the Tooloopooloos, an' how we got the Trusty Polly out onto blue water agen. What, agen, sir? Well, thankee, sir; here's to you."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

[In answers to amusement questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record."]

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

J. W. H., Waterford.—The question was submitted to our arbitration. We were chosen presumptively for our fitness. We repeat that, standing at 59 to B's 58 with a scratch, A is at once winner, and cannot be required to prolong the game, at the expense of the roomkeeper, on the mere chance that if B plays safety for ten minutes or two hours, while other people who want the table sit by with their hands in their pockets, A will get one or more "scratches." People everywhere else will be glad to hear "what there is loss of money in Waterford, N. Y., that says THE CLIPPER'S decision is wrong"—that is, they will be glad to hear it provided that someone who should put up the Waterford money is not also to decide the bets. Your citation that the rule says that "whoever makes 61 first is winner" is absurd because of the use you attempt to make of it. If the rule is to be taken literally, as you would take it, no one can win who does not make 61. If the game is continued, and A gets a scratch, he can never make 61, and according to your view of the rule he cannot win the game. Having a scratch already, B is in that identical position, and therefore it would not better his position if he kept playing for a week. Should A get a scratch, the most B could claim, under your view of the rule, would be a draw, on the ground that neither himself nor A could get 61. The rule, as you quote it, applies only to that simple case of arithmetic in which there is nothing but addition, there being no "scratches" comprehended to necessitate a resort to subtraction. THE CLIPPER'S decision may be wrong, but it has been given so many hundreds of times that it is a pity the fresh blood in Waterford was not permitted to come to the front nearly thirty years ago. We have seen generations come and generations go, and with every fresh generation there is occasionally trouble on some point that was settled almost ages before their time. They instst upon being a law unto themselves. That is well enough, provided that when they get into a dispute they call upon one or their own number to settle it. The trouble is that none know themselves better than themselves, and they will not select one of their own number to give the decision. Having to go outside of their own circle for a decision, the obligation rests upon them to defer to that decision gracefully, even if it be in direct opposition to the judgment. In the absence of the first appointee, a number of others, and next as a matter of prudence, for their own judgment is not bound to be right.

H. H., St. Louis.—It is amusing to note of the several questions received on this head from St. Louis, that all carefully abstain from naming the game. It is sancho-pedro, and sancho counts before pedro. If you call the game pedro-sancho, then there is some slight reason to count sancho before pedro, although it does seem absurd to permit a point that counts but five to take precedence of one that counts nine. The game is a series of innovations upon all fours, the original elements of which have by common consent been graciously permitted to count in their time-honored order. As to the innovations, whether of high, pedro, hereafter, or the game of one or three or four others, they take precedence, after high, low, jack and game, in the numerical order assigned them by the card-printer.

LAMBERTON, Philadelphia.—If the so called puzzle was not to be done in the presence of B, he should have specified some given time for the doing of it. Decide the matter to the best of your judgment with regard to all the circumstances, and there is an end of the matter. A can only see that time is up for C, or that he is entitled to more time, and even that he may have until the crack of doom. None of the three different decisions would be absolutely wrong, be none absolutely right. There are no rules to cover a case of the kind. There are simply different precedents applying to varying circumstances. The rule that would give a horse three trials to beat a certain time, or a ball-player four to send a ball a given distance does not apply to the fancied 13-15-14 puzzle, or to the 15-14-13.

D. N., St. Louis.—If you go out of the way to call game a pedro-sancho, as someone else has thoughtlessly done, then pedro ought to go out before sancho. So of all-fours, if you call it game jack-low-and-high, then game ought to count first and high last. The game was originally the game of all-fours, sancho pedro, before the nine-spot being added. The reason that sancho precedes pedro is very cogent. Both are features tacked on to seven-up, and sancho counts more than pedro. You may be sure the game started more than a century before jacks at seven-up, the game point would not be, as it is, the last. The inherent good sense of players would cause them to ignore so illogical a rule at once. The attempt to make pedro count before sancho has proved a failure on the same principle.

GALESBURG CLUB.—Blazes and straights are special poker-handa. They cannot be played unless there has been an agreement to that effect, and when there is neither an agreement there should be another as to what the blaze or the straight will beat. Blazes ought never to be played, any more than hands all of one color (diamonds and flushes, for example should be; and straights and blazes in coteries are played to beat three of a-kind, but in most to beat but two-pair, so as not to have straights and flushes coming together to beat threes, but being beaten by fulls, and the same suggests the cause of doubt as to whether straights should beat flushes, or vice versa.

HAMLIN, Boston.—The ace is the biggest card in cutting for deal at seven-up. The value of cards in cutting to their value in the game except in possibly a few games where values are so complicated that it would lead to disputes to apply this rule, and in those exceptional games it is better to give the cards their normal value. The statement made by B, as suggested by his argument, is that cutting for deal is not a part of the game to be played. He would scarcely argue that stringing for the lead is not a part of a game of Bulgarian Bluffards, and yet the two processes are substantially identical.

LEW BENEDICT, Wilkesbarre.—The "widow" at whiskey-poker can be taken in its entirety only when it is so unknown. The announcement its contents become known throughout its being turned up. It can be taken in part when a card at a time only. There is another reason why B could not take the "widow." He had once passed it when it was his privilege to take it—that is, before it had been turned. The second reason had less validity than the first, because in some few coteries players waste precious moments by passing the "widow" three or four times apiece, although it is graduated to be of no long run.

POKER, Elizabeth.—1. When straights are played by agreement, their value should also be agreed upon. In some coteries they will beat three-of-a-kind, but in a majority they are only worth one more than a flush and but two-pair. 2. A straight flush will beat nothing as such, unless it has been agreed to play it. There is then no necessity for an agreement as to its value. It is simply a combination seque, as well as of mathematics, that it should beat four aces or anything else, being more difficult to get than four aces.

D. R. L., Boston.—The reason we did not answer that question before is that it would not help your case to do so. The reason we do not answer "Yes" or "No" to it now is that it might place us in a position to be misunderstood as to some analogous matter in the near or remote future. All we may say is that a card shown by B is not any or may not be binding; and this we say without intending to be interpreted as meaning that this particular bet is or is not a catch. Therefore it is that the reply must prove of little or no service to you.

J. D., J. C. Station.—The child is a citizen of the United States by virtue of his birth here; but that citizenship could be forfeited by the force of circumstances over which the child could have no control, and also by voluntary acts upon the part of the child himself after he had grown towards mature years. It is merely a broad principle that begin with—that a citizen is born, but that principle constitutes a rule that has a variety of exceptions.

W. T. M., Flushing.—1. Daniel O'Leary was the first man whose performance of the feat was authenticated. 2. If you mean by walking alone, in six days, Weston once covered 510 miles in London, and probably fairly did a little over 500 miles in Liverpool, Eng. 3. He has a record to such a performance in New York. 4. Tom Hyer defeated Yankee Sullivan in 1849. 5. Black Rock is farther from New York City than Buffalo is. 6. We believe he does. 7. We know nothing about it.

W. H., Pinebu Springs.—The dealer having exposed his own card, he should be required to take it, alike in the original deal and in the draw. Any rule that is designed for such an emergency must be invariable in its application. The dealer cannot be allowed to keep the card at one time, and be forced to reject it at another. As to other players, the rule is as it should be—any card of theirs exposed by the dealer must be taken before the draw, and cannot be taken in the draw.

J. W., Kansas City.—Challenged as soon as the throw was made, it had already been settled by a vote of five to one of the interested parties that it was not a cocked die. Apart from this, it was not one, in our opinion. Even if it had been a cocked die in our opinion, it was too late to make the claim against No. 8 after he had been allowed to count it. Had he not thrown a total of 48, the claim would not have been made. Making the claim when he did, it was both ends against the middle, with No. 8 in the middle.

A SUBSCRIBER.—What do you mean by asking "Who makes the trump?" after stating that A deals and turns the ace of hearts, which B accepts? Certainly not A, for no man can make a trump in such a case. In ordering it up, B fixes or establishes the trump, which is the ace of hearts. If you meant to ask which of the four players leads, the answer is that it is he to the left of the dealer, who is whoever that player ordered up or not.

M. B.—Between "an experienced salesman for custom tailoring" and "experienced custom tailoring salesmen" there is but little chance for parsing. The latter is an unreasonable collocation of words, requiring the compounding of "custom-tailoring" to render it at all intelligible. Such compounds are not defensible when a simpler form of expression can be used.

D. W.—Chas. Rowell's portrait was published in THE CLIPPER dated March 8, 1879, being engraved from a picture which he had taken at our request on March 3, three days subsequently to the arrival in this country in the first time. The occasion in which he first won the Astley belt took place at Madison-square (then Gilmore's) Garden, this city, March 10 to 15 following.

AMATEUR.—Four fives and a jack, as you state it, count 28. The highest hand that can be what is technically held at cribbage is composed of three fives and a jack of the same suit as the fourth five, which is on top of the deck. That will count 29. Now, if the dealer holds only 28 and turns a jack, those cards will be worth 30 to him, although to the non-dealer the same cards would be worth but 28.

M. F.—It is not a misdeal. The player had exercised action in the game, and it was then too late to discover that he had not cards to play. At any time before saying he will play or will pass a player can claim a misdeal, provided also that he has not looked at the faces of his cards or has not raised them. Doing any one of these four things supposes the misdeal and makes the player's hand foul.

PLEASURE JIM, Fort Stevenson.—Count the pack one, or figure it out in any other way that pleases you. The whole thing is an purely imaginary as your counting eleven for jack, twelve for queen and thirteen for king. There are not eleven, twelve and thirteen spots on those cards respectively. Very likely the veteran had a pack of his own.

A SOLDIER, Fort Randall.—The only advice we can offer is that you faithfully perform your duty until the expiration of the term for which you enlisted. That is the only honorable course you can pursue, and in the end you will doubtless find that it pays better than "going to Leadville to make money."

R. S. L., Cincinnati.—C wins the side bet. "Before the draw" referred to the possible drawing on the part of both bettors. C did not draw, and therefore was not obliged to show as soon as B did. Besides, "before the draw" meant, as it no doubt well understood, the five cards originally dealt each.

M. J. L., St. Louis.—1. The allowance to the Queen of England is £385,000 a year, £60,000 of which is for her privy purse, £15,000 for royal bounty, £35,000 for salaries of household, and £72,500 for expenses of household, leaving £8,040 unappropriated. 2. Only a member of her family can tell you what her income is.

WANT TO KNOW.—1. D. O'Leary twice defeated P. Crossland in heel-and-toe walking matches—once in England at 330 miles, and once in Chicago, Ill., in a 75 hour contest. Crossland defeated O'Leary in one match in England, the distance being 300 miles. 2. Although far from graceful, his style will pass muster.

A. F. H. I., Deer Lodge.—It is only when a player has laid himself open to the penalty of his having his cards called that he can be required by his adversary to play any particular one. Thus a card exposed by a player can be called at any time when the playing of it will not cause him to revoke.

F. K. A., Troy.—The Bostons defeated the Holyokes by a score of 15 to 3 in eight innings, the losers making nine safe hits off Foley's pitching, and earning their three runs. The Providence Grays beat the Holyokes 10 to 1, the latter hitting Ward's pitching safely nine times, but earning no run.

CONVERT, Philadelphia.—As high-low-jack-pool is now generally played, it was out as soon as he got jack. Had he been in a position whence he would have required the same point to put him out that would have carried someone else out, his jack would not have served him.

K. C., Cortlandt-on-Hudson.—We do not know what he meant, and we think it very unlikely that you could secure a wager, as he subsequently withdrew his deposit, stating in explanation of such proceeding that he had made a miscalculation.

W. T. S., St. Johns.—1. It is customary to caution twice for unfair walking, and to disqualify for a third offense. 2. The judges were right. The contestant who failed to run in the first heat had no right to start in either of the subsequent heats.

W. J., Albany.—All having passed once, and the dealer now closing it, the "widow" is to be turned so that all the players but the dealer can pick once from it. The first to pick is of course the player next on the left of him who closed the game.

E. C. E., Cherry Valley.—1. In the six-day go-as-you-please race for the United States championship, which was won by P. J. Pauchot, W. H. Dutcher traveled 286 miles, retiring on the night of the fourth day. 2. He was physically unfit for the task he undertook. He had no chance to win against such men, even if he had been well, consequently it isn't likely that anybody would "buy him out."

O. M.—The time at which evening begins and ends varies every day. Like night, it begins much earlier in Winter than in Summer. Evening and night are not the same, the former representing the close of day, and properly not extending beyond darkness. Properly, it begins at sunset.

T. A. F., Pepperville.—Both are right. A person is twenty-five years old, in one sense, until he is twenty-six, although in point of fact he is more than twenty-five almost at the moment of completing his twenty-fifth year.

P. O'C.—Cards being all up, you must head every trick you possibly can. Having no suit, and having a trump, you must play a trump. A queen being led, and you having the jack and the ace, you must play the ace.

F. W., Kingston.—It be counted. A's ball is to be played by him from the spot at the head of the table. It be did not count, his ball goes on that spot all the same, and his opponent plays, A's ball having gone off the table in the three-ball game.

W. McK., Providence.—Two aces could not be put upon eights (six) to make ten. No. 2, however, could add the ace from his hand to an ace and an eight on the board, and so make ten.

J. H. L., Augusta.—Daniel O'Leary's best first-day performance in a six-day go-as-you-please race is 117 miles 220yds., made in the first contest for the Astley belt, which was the initial best-of-way competition.

SAINTS' REST, Allegheny.—1. The bet holds good. 2. You can obtain the books referred to through Ed. James, who advertises. 3. You are at liberty to believe as much of it as you choose.

C. M., East Saginaw.—The three aces won. The three cards were useless as a flush. There can be no higher poker hand in three cards than three aces.

O. P., East Saginaw.—We are not posted as to lotteries, and must refer you to the advertisements that appear from time to time in different newspapers.

RADIX.—B loses. A's readiness to undertake to beat B was the next best thing to his actually beating him. B had to play or lose.

NEWSDEALER, Boston.—1. There is no run in 8, 7, 7, 9, 2. There is but one run in 6, 4, 5 and 5. 3. There is of course a run in 6, 5, 7, or in 7, 5, 6, or 6, 6 7.

NOVICE.—At poker three aces, a six and a deuce beat three aces, a five and a trey, and they would also beat three aces, a five and a four.

O'D., Lewiston.—Unless it has otherwise been agreed upon, only that player can go alone who makes, orders up or voluntarily takes up.

M. F. Macon.—The Greenwich-street branch of the New York Elevated Railroad was built about 1870. It has just been rebuilt.

A. Y. Z., Centerville.—The highest euchre card, which is jack-ace, king and queen coming next—wins in cutting for deal at euchre.

E. H. G., Boston.—In condition, Edwin Bibby weighs about 152lb. Christol is some pounds heavier, but we cannot give his exact weight.

HUNTER, Morris.—You will find the rules of cock-fighting in Ed. James' "Manual of Sporting Rules," which is advertised.

W. M.—We have searched our files, but cannot find out what you want to know. We do not keep a record of exhibitions of that kind.

W. P., St. Louis.—1. All the hands involved in the call are to be shown. 2. Edward Hanlan was born July 12, 1855; R. W. Boyd, Sept. 20, 1854.

TWO SUBSCRIBERS, St. Louis.—The Astley six-day belt has been thrice contended for in this country, O'Leary winning it the first time and Rowell twice.

A. R., Philadelphia.—1. T. Murnan, care of George Wright, 580 Washington street, Boston, Mass. 2. It has been forwarded to him.

DOC JOHNSON, Denver.—Goss was seconded by Johnny Dwyer and Barney Aaron, while Tom Kelly and Tom Ryan looked after Ned Hyatt.

W. H., Cincinnati.—From fifty cents to seventy-five cents for four instruments.

SOUTH VALLEJO.—In 3, 4, 2 and 4, there is no run for the second 4.

JULIUS HOFFMAN.—In 1879 the French Derby Stakes was run for on May 25 and the Epsom Derby on May 28.

NED DAVIS, Buffalo.—Joe Coburn has not been released from Auburn prison.

W. R. KYLE, Chillicothe.—We have handed your query to Superintendent Lincoln, who will send particulars.

SARAH.—Don't be unduly excited, dear. All we can say is that it would be impossible to do it to us.

N., Grand Rapids.—There is no rule, but custom governs in such cases. The arm should be fully extended.

J. B., Washington.—At cassino a player can call out on sweep.

T. W. R., Cleveland.—There are three Slosson brothers. All are billiard players, more or less.

VERITAS, Inquire at Peck & Snyder's, 124 Nassau street, this city.

CONSTANT READER, Richmond.—We cannot afford the space for such a list.

T. L., Flora.—It never was. Each of those countries has a separate and distinct Grand Lodge.

P. H. C., Central Falls.—The fastest time on record for a running horse for one mile is 1:39¾.

R. S. H., Windsor.—The three years ago is the synonym of 46, 44 and 44. There is nothing for 43.

J. C. A., Philadelphia.—Harper Bros., New York, publish a work on household decorations.

SUBSCRIBER, Jersey City.—Apply to the Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C., for information.

W. N. T., Troy.—As the date of renewal is May 1, we have to request that you wait until then.

J. J. D., Bloomington.—Hereafter please write on only one side of the paper.

A. HOLT, Fall River.—Cannot insert a challenge that is unaccompanied by a money-deposit.

CHESS, Newark.—Charles Rowell's best record for a six-day race is 524 miles 77 yards.

T. T., Pittsburg.—We have never heard his reliability questioned.

LOUIS DOYLE, Providence.—Ten Broeck won in the affair with Mollie McCarthy.

W. B. C., Baltimore.—See A. H. Henderson's statement under the head of Baseball Notes.

A SUBSCRIBER, Brooklyn.—Address W. H. Hyatt, No. 29 King street, this city.

E. W. WHITE, Chepacnet.—It was stated that he had injured one of his feet.

W. J., Dublin.—We are unable to give you the weight of the largest trout caught in Ireland.

DECLINED—"My Little Daughter," "Waiting," "Vera ad Infinem," "A Confession," "Inconstancy."

F. P., Omaha.—You refer, no doubt, to Donati's Comet, which was visible here in the Autumn of 1858.

J. C., Windham.—We know of no such insurance company.

A HARLEM.—The play being raffles, A loses. B beat eleven in throwing three threes.

H. J. B., Camp on Ute Creek.—No one can tell when the first Arabian horse came to the United States.

J. S., Cleveland.—It is a matter of doubt as to which one of the League teams has the best catcher.

P. S. A., Phila.—Dan O'Leary won the Astley belt twice in succession.

SAWDUST TRACK, Emerson.—They do not, for the reason that it would prove an injury rather than a benefit.

ROCK ISLAND.—Daniel O'Leary has given one or more exhibition walks in St. Louis, Mo.

J. J. C., Washington.—You forget to send photograph.

F. C. F., Windsor.—See answer to "B. S. W., Windsor."

H. C. B., Philadelphia.—We know of no such club there.

JOHN J. CARTER, Nashville.—See answer to "W. H."

P. O'C., Toronto.—See records in CLIPPER ALMANAC.

C. B., Barnesville.—See notice in circus department.

JAMES.—Daniel O'Leary won the Astley belt twice.

C. W. D., Johnstown.—We do not know.

M. F. D., Rochester.—Not until May 1.

W. MITCHELL.—It was sent for.

H. S.—We do not know his age.

[THE PARISIAN SENSATION.]

THE BLONDE SIREN:

AN ADULTEROUS DRAMA.

BY XAVIER DE MONTEPIN.

Translated from the original in "Le Figaro" of Paris,

EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY PAUL PRESTON.

(Copyrighted.)

In next week's CLIPPER, being No. 1, Volume 28, will be commenced the publication of one of the most remarkable sensational romances emanating from Parisian authorship during the past twenty years. It originally appeared in the columns of *Le Figaro*, the most Parisian of French journals, and created a profound impression as an accurate and exciting portraiture of contemporaneous manners, social, moral and domestic, laying bare the skeletons immured from general view within the privacy of fashionable households. The all-prevalent topic for drawing-room discussion in Paris being for some years past the ethics of Divorce, Monsieur Xavier De Montepin, who had previously attained a brilliant reputation as romancer and dramatist in his literary success "Les Vivours de Paris," in his "Adulterous Drama" availed himself of the attractive theme as the basis for that animated composition, building upon it a fabric of incidents, natural yet emotional, occurring in rapid succession through various phases of aristocratic society, replete with animated characters typical of the ruling passions of the fashionable world, actors in the mysteries of Parisian real life, and disclosing to the naked eye the good and evil impulses of the human heart fashioned in a conventional mold.

The Count De Nancey, a nobleman of ancient descent—a high society man, young, handsome and a desirable husband, as viewed in the prejudices of caste—finding himself a bankrupt through luxurious indulgences, proposes to liquidate the claims of his creditors through marriage with a lady of youth and beauty, whose dowry would disencumber his estate. This barter of title and rank for acquisition of wealth, vulgarly known as a marriage of convenience, underlying actions for divorce, forms the groundplot for Montepin's graphic "Adulterous Drama," with its attendant misfortunes, miseries, crimes and calamities.

Under guidance of a creditor, the Count becomes acquainted with Blanche Lizely, daughter to an officer of the Empire—the incarnation of fascinating loveliness, reputed mistress to an English peer—a woman of superordinary abilities, and of more than sirenic personal charms. Still another creditor presents to his notice Marguerite—personification of virgin purity, a creature of natural impulse towards affection, loving with full soul the ideal of her aspirations. The marriage of the man of society with this child of nature hampered with a low-born origin brings the Count De Nancey into the position of a husband of the period—a slave to the tyranny of an illicit yet irresistible passion for the blonde siren Blanche, which culminates in the assassination of a faithful wife and her sole male confidant, an innocent participator in her fate.

Acquitted of wife-murder, the Count De Nancey upon his marriage with Blanche, his former enchantress, yields to her desire to raise herself to the social sphere to which he by heritage belongs. Failure to obtain recognition engenders contempt for a husband previously despised and ultimately hated, until the second Countess De Nancey, descending gradually in social standing while continuing to reign as star amid equivocal greatness, finds companionship in the allurements of an adventurer momentarily recognized as a prince, with whom she elopes. Left for dead on obscure ground, where he has been treacherously wounded in his wife's presence in a duel with Prince Gregory, De Nancey is discovered and nursed by Alice, who passionately adores him, and at his instigation elopes from her family to dwell with him in Paris, while Blanche, deserted and robbed by Gregory, carries on a fast career at the gaming resorts of Germany, until false intelligence of her death leads De Nancey to the point of engaging to marry Alice. The appearance of the wife in Paris, the death of the Prince during the troubles of the Commune, the workings of the private police and mad-houses, the Count's lunacy, and his second murder of a wife, all graphically described, are the crowning catastrophes of this terrible drama.

Newsdealers will make no mistake in increasing their orders for THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, as the absorbing interest of "The Blonde Siren" will no doubt create a lively demand for the paper for which the translation of this powerful work has been expressly made.

"FOX" CHASE.—After a lengthy litigation and a spirited discussion, Manager Robert Fox of the American Theatre, Philadelphia, has been dispossessed of his well-known place of public resort, and Mr. Bennett, the purchaser of the property at the Sheriff's sale, assumed control on March 11. It was a stern chase, and a long one.

DON'T FORGET the theatrical benefits to be given on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, in behalf of Ireland's sufferers. Should every St. Patrickian in the metropolis go one eye on the show, if only for a short space of time, then may we expect to see crowded houses and crowded cash-boxes.

SEEING THE "BABY."—Numbers of curious visitors have called upon the baby-elephant born in Philadelphia on March 10, and seeing the elephant is now the rage.

AT THE Madison-square Garden concerts, St. Patrick's Day, one hundred colored anvil beaters are to strike while the iron's cold. This is the era of strikes.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BLAKE, George W.—An Ethiopian comedian, professionally known as Harry Hart (see Variety Halls)—Stamford, Ct., March 9, aged 33.

BROWN, Ephraim D.—For many years president of the Mechanics' and Traders' Bank of this city—Bergen Point, N. J., March 8.

BEER, Julius—Proprietor of *The London Sunday Observer*—London, Eng., cable dispatch dated March 8.

BARNEY, Rev. James O.—A Congregational clergyman, who had served in the War of 1812—Central Falls, R. I., March 7, aged 84.

BEAN, Benjamin—An old and respected resident of Atlanta, Ill.—there, March 10.

BRIGHAM, Warren L.—A well-known journalist of Boston, Mass.—there, March 13.

COTTINGHAM, Captain James—For the last fifty years engaged in the transportation business on Long Island Sound and the Hudson River—Jersey City, N. J., March 12.

CORWIN, Dr. William G.—Son of the late Thomas Corwin, Governor of Ohio and United States Senator from that State. The deceased was private secretary to his father when he was Secretary of the Treasury, and also when he was Minister to Mexico. After retiring from the diplomatic service he studied medicine and practiced at Lebanon, O.—there, March 12, aged 53.

CRAWFORD, Robert—One of the oldest pioneer settlers of Scott County, Ind—Goshen, Ind., March 10.

CREELMAN, George—One of the oldest residents of Fayette County, Ind.—there, March 7, aged 76.

CROCHERON, Daniel G.—An old resident of Staten Island, and at one time well known in turf circles—here, March 10, aged 80.

COGGSWELL, Aaron—A prominent citizen of Ipswich, Mass., where he had acceptably filled many local offices—there, March 10.

COOPER, William, J. Yeates—An old and esteemed citizen of Lancaster, Pa.—there, March 13, aged 71.

DEFRETZ, August—A prominent resident of Shelbyville, Ind.—there, March 11.

DARRELL, Robert Lawrence—One of the most widely known and highly esteemed clerical members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. He had officiated as pastor of churches in Washington, Baltimore, Newark, Jersey City and Brooklyn, and in 1868 was chosen president of Dickinson College. In 1871 he was elected secretary of the Board of Missions, and this position he occupied up to the time of his death—Roseville, N. J., March 5, aged 65.

DESNOYERS, Peter—The oldest native-born citizen of Detroit, Mich., where he had served several terms as an Alderman. He had been elected treasurer of Wayne County in 1826, 1830 and 1831, and was also city and State treasurer in 1838-39. In 1831 Andrew Jackson, then President, appointed him United States Marshal, which position he held until the then Territory of Michigan became a State—Detroit, March 10, aged 90.

DE VERRES, Dr. George W.—Formerly a soldier under Napoleon I. and had served in the campaign of 1812 against Russia. He afterwards visited many countries, and had resided for three years at Syracuse, N. Y., where he practiced medicine—Syracuse, March 11, aged 90.

EMBRY, W. H.—Clerk of the Madison Circuit Court at Richmond, Ky.—there, March 10, aged 46.

ELLIOT, Sir Thomas Fyler—An English diplomatist—Cairo, Egypt, Feb. 12, aged 72.

EATON, Lucius—One of the oldest residents of Champaign County, Ill.—Philo, Ill., March 10, aged 66.

FISH, Lemuel—A well-known citizen of Canajoharie, N. Y. He served in the Assembly in 1838. He was wealthy, and during his lifetime made a number of gifts to charitable institutions, the Syracuse University receiving $10,000 —Lansingburg, N. Y., March 9.

FISHER, Capt. R. E.—A well-known citizen of Cincinnati, O. He was a captain in the Fifth Ohio Volunteers during the late war—Cincinnati, March 8.

FRY, Major William—A prominent citizen of Pittsburg, Pa.—there, March 9.

FRY, Robert T.—One of the principal clerks in the Treasury Department for sixteen years—Philadelphia, Pa., March 9, aged 66.

GILL, J. S.—Mayor of Richwood, O.—there, March 9, aged 61.

HALDE, Dr. A. B.—A prominent physician of Norwich, Ct., where he had practiced for forty years—there, March 9, aged 74.

HENDRICKSON, James—One of the earliest pioneers and most prominent residents of Hope, Ind.—there, March 9.

HAMMOND, George H.—A well-known actor under the stage-name of George H. Hillman (see Drama)—March 13.

HAYNE, Isaac—A prominent citizen of Charleston, who had held the office of Intendant of that city. He was also for twenty years. He was a grandson of Isaac Hayne, who was executed at Charleston by the British during their occupation of the city in the Revolutionary War—Charleston, S. C., March 8, aged 70.

HALTON, L. ".—A member of the Canadian Parliament—Ottawa, Ont., March 14.

HALL, Samuel—A well-known resident of this city. Some fifteen years ago, having amassed a competence, he retired from business and occupied himself with religious and charitable labors—here, March 11, aged 75.

HUNTING, Mrs. Judith Page—Widow of Benjamin Hunting, and also a member of the Produce Exchange of this city—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., March 12.

JONES, William H.—A well-known actor of Philadelphia, Pa. (see Drama)—Philadelphia, March 10.

KING, Dr. James—A prominent physician of Pittsburg, Pa.—there, March 11, aged 65.

KING, Dr. William M.—Of the United States Navy. He was born in Philadelphia, and entered the naval service as an assistant surgeon in 1858., was commissioned as a surgeon in 1862, and promoted to the rank of medical inspector in 1875. He was recently appointed as fleet-surgeon of the North Atlantic Squadron, but his health would not permit him to assume said position—Philadelphia, March 14, aged 44.

LUMBLESON, Charles H.—A well-known citizen of Baltimore, Md., where, several years ago, he was a member of the School Board and later a trustee of Bayview Asylum —Baltimore, March 9, aged 56.

LATHAM, James K.—A prominent citizen of San Francisco, Cal.—there, March 3, aged 45.

MORMANN, Henry—A well-known German citizen of Baltimore, Md.—where he had resided for the past fifty years—there, March 5, aged 66.

MINOT, John O. B.—A well-known citizen of Boston, Mass., who in early life was prominent in business circles of that city—Boston, March 10.

Gen. Orlando B. Willcox, U. S. A.—A leading resident of Hyde Park, Mass.—Scranton, Pa., March 10, aged 65.

MAXWELL, Henry—An old and respected resident of Hoboken, N. J.—there, March 8, aged 91.

METZGER, Emanuel—A well-known citizen of Philadelphia, Pa. During the Rebellion he obtained a contract to furnish the United States with cavalry equipments, and, amassing a fortune, he became a large real-estate owner in Philadelphia and at Atlantic City—Philadelphia, March 8, aged 55.

NORWOOD, George—One of the first settlers of Indianapolis—there, March 8, aged 91.

NOLAN, John M.—Secretary of the Boston Catholic Cemetery Association—Boston, Mass., March 10, aged 38.

ODELL, Lyman—An old and respected merchant of this city, who had served a term in the New York Legislature—here, March 5, aged 56.

O'NEIL, Henry—A noted English historical painter—London, Eng., cable dispatch dated March 15.

PHILLIPS, Jas. M.—A leading physician of Nashville, Ind.—there, March 8, aged 45.

PIERPONT, Asahel—A leading manufacturer and old citizen of New Haven, Ct.—there, March 6, aged 84.

PALMER, Rev. Elihu—A well-known Congregational denomination for nearly forty years—Groveland, Mass., March 10, aged 74.

PASTORIOUS, Sebastian—A well known resident of Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa. He was a lineal descendant of Francis Daniel Pastorious, one of the founders of Germantown, and a prominent man in the early history of Philadelphia—there, March 14, aged 63.

RANDALL, Dr. Samuel—A well-known chemist and mineralogist. He was formerly a professor in Lehigh University—Bethlehem, Pa., March 10, aged 71.

RICE, John R.—A prominent resident of Charlestown, Mass.—there, March 10, aged 71.

RALSTON, Alexander—One of the most prominent business men and capitalists of Lockport, N. Y.—there, March 10, aged 67.

SKILLING, D. N.—State-director of the Boston and Albany Railroad, and a leading resident of Winchester, Mass.—there, March 10, aged 62.

STILWELL, Abram—Ond, an Associate judge of Marlborough, N. Y.—there, March 8, aged 82.

SATTERLEE, Gregory—A retired merchant of this city, and a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity, having held the office of Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of New York in 1876 and re-elected in 1877 and 1878—here, March 12, aged 58.

TYTLER, General John Adam—A noted officer of the British Army, who had served for thirty-six years in India—March 8.

TAYLOR, Sylvester—A prominent citizen of Providence, R. I.—there, March 8.

TAYLOR, William P.—Late Auditor of Public Accounts of Virginia, and for many years engaged in the banking business in Richmond being most of the time cashier of the Bank of Virginia—Richmond, March 12, aged 67.

THOMPSON, General Henry A.—President of the National Bank of Jamestown, N. Y., for the last fifteen years. He was graduated from West Point in 1819, and served seventeen years in the United States Army, being a captain in the Fourth Artillery when he resigned. When Maryland refused to be a Brigadier-general—Baltimore, March 12, aged 80.

TWAY, William—A veteran of the War of 1812—Brooklyn, N. Y., March 12, aged 80.

TAYLOR, Chas. Cathcart—A well-known journalist, who had held for some years the position of city editor of *The Times*, Philadelphia, Pa. He was also the Philadelphia correspondent of *The Cincinnati Commercial*, *Chicago Times* and *San Francisco Chronicle*—that city, March 14, aged 34

WARNER, James Harvey—A venerable and much respected resident of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—there, March 12, aged 80.

WOOD, Samuel B.—A widely-known real-estate lawyer of Richmond County, N. Y.—Garretson, S. I., March 9, aged 68.

WHEELER, John F.—Editor of *The Fort Smith Independent*. He was connected with the Fort Smith press for over thirty years, and had served as County-judge and State senator—Fort Smith, Ark., March 10, aged 72

WATSON, James A.—A well-known resident of Chicago, Ill.—there, March 10, aged 55.

YOUNG, Samuel B.—For many years one of the prominent coal merchants of this city. He was a native of Pennsylvania, and was one of the pioneers in the development of the coal interests of that State—here, March 14, aged 67.

THE TURF.

CROSSING THE OCEAN.

J. R. Keene's stable of racehorses left this port for Liverpool, Eng., on March 6, per the steamer Helvetia, in charge of the experienced trainers and attendants W. J. Rogers, William Kane and Chas. Littlefield Jr. The dozen who are now afloat are Spendthrift (4yrs.), by Australian, dam Aerolite; Lord Murphy (4), by Pat Molloy, dam Winonah; Bookmaker (2), by Bonnie Scotland, dam Juanita; Bran Dance (2), by Bonnie Scotland, dam Lantana; Bay colt (2), by King Alfonso, dam Jamaica; McDonald (2), by Enquirer, dam Ontario (brother to McWhirter); bay colt (2), by Waverley, dam Lady Wallenstein (brother to Wallenstein); chestnut colt (2), by Australian, dam Alabama (brother to Madge); chestnut colt (2), by Monarchist, dam Alala; bay colt (2), by Australian, dam Hester (brother to Springbok); bay colt (2), by Virgil, dam Annie Bush; chestnut colt (2), by King Alfonso, dam Canary Bird.

JOSEPH YATE, the veteran jockey, who for the past fifteen years has been a successful trainer and rider in Russia, died at Birmingham, Eng., on Feb. 11, in his 59th year. He had but recently returned to England.

JAMES R. KEENE was on March 12 elected a temporary member of the Turf Club of London, Eng. He was proposed by Lord Rosebery, and seconded by Lord Dorchester.

WOMEN BOOKMAKERS made their appearance at the steeplechase meeting at Auteuil, France, March 7.

"THE STATESMAN'S ANNUAL FOR 1880," issued by *The Evening Express* of this city, is a work that should be in the hands of everybody who has need of banking, mercantile, manufacturing, agricultural or political statistics. It is a volume of nearly five hundred pages, sold at the extremely low price of fifty cents.

ATHLETIC.

ROBINSON vs. McCARTY.

A match was made March 11 by Frank Robinson of Lawrence, Mass., and Owen McCarty of Manayunk, Philadelphia, to wrestle, the best two of three fair back-falls, Lancashire fashion, at some hall in Philadelphia to be agreed upon, April 5, for $500 a side, Robinson not to exceed 130 lb in weight and McCarty to be confined to 120 lb. The men weighing at the house of Noah Makinson, Manayunk, at 5 o'clock, P. M., Monday, April 26, and to be at the hall selected for the contest at 8 P. M. same day. McCarty allows Robinson fifty dollars for expenses, which amount is to be paid into our hands with the final deposit, and by us transferred to Robinson when all the stake-money is posted. We have received $100 from each side with the articles, and the remaining deposits are to be made as follows: The second, $150 a side, on March 11, and the final, $250 a side, on April 12. The parties have omitted from the protocol a clause providing for the selection of a final stakeholder, which oversight should be remedied without delay, and we would also inform them that we cannot, for obvious reasons, agree to name a stakeholder with anyone of my weight, viz., 145lb. I shall be extremely thankful to Mr Murphy if he will match a man against me at the above weight for $250 a side. Yours respectfully, WILLIAM JOHNSON.

THE HAVERLY-ENGELHARDT RACES.

In the business department of this week's CLIPPER will be seen an announcement of great importance to pedestrians We refer to the latest enterprise of that well-known amusement caterer J. H. Haverly, who has associated himself with F. J. Engelhardt, and announces a series of go-as-you-please twenty-four-hour-per-day races for valuable prizes, to be followed by a grand six days race (142 hours), for prizes richer than any heretofore offered. It is the promoter's intention to make anything in the way of records been attempted in the past, and, with the assistance of a man so experienced and possessed of so much managerial ability as Engelhardt, he certainly ought to succeed in this venture, great though the undertaking. The offer of such tempting prizes should attract the leading pedestrians of the country, and the concluding contest should be a grand event. Full particulars are given in the lengthy advertisement in another column, to which all interested are referred.

THE ROSE BELT.

The gentleman who represents Madame Tobias in the matter of the approaching competition for the handsome belt first walked for last December and won by Amy Howard called upon us March 15, and informed us that the date of the closing of entries for the same had, by mutual agreement between